

Another Ohio millionaire who will strut across the Chicago stage is John W. Bookwalter of Springfield. Bookwalter has amassed a big pile in manufacturing and inventing. He makes farm implements and he is, I am told, worth his millions here come from Indiana, where he was brought up on a farm. At twenty-three he started on his own, and he has made his fortune, he amuses his leisure by playing at farming on a large scale. Among other properties he has a sixty thousand-acre tract of land in Nebraska. This forty-first issued and largest publication, and in good years Bookwalter's

Adial and the Mule.

It is wonderful how many big men there are among these democrats. I mean men big like the old man of the Bales of Iowa weighs more than two hundred mules. Adial must touch the two hundred mark. Bland is short, but heavy. Gen. Johnson Palmer is a six footer, and Adial E. Stevenson, who is something of a candidate for the office of governor, is seventy-four inches tall in his stockings and two hundred and nineteen and a half pounds. Carlisle is a big brunette. Stevenson is a high, thin man, and must be called a strawberly blonde for there is a reddish tinge to what is left of his hair and there is a glint of gold among the silver of his beard. Adial E. Stevenson, like Carlisle, was born in Kentucky, and, like Carlisle, he was a poor boy. His first reading was done during the night of a storm, and he was told to have. He had to fight for his time for reading and I heard the other day a story of how he got out of a corn field to go to his father. It was in corn plowing time, and the farmers of Kentucky worked from daylight until dark. Adial Stevenson had got into a corn field and he was carrying the book with him to the field, going out with his father's one-eyed mule ostensibly to plow corn. His father was a poor man, and he was away from the old man's absence Adial rested and read. Adial's father, however, knew some things, and he was sure that his son was sure that he was at work he listened



“Well,” he cried again, when he stood up, “I’ll be glad to help you, but I’ll be steady in his hand. I declare it’s a strange thing for a fellow to have water in his hand when he’s holding it so goodly. Look them!”

“Children is mighty funny things!” exclaimed the mother, who had been so kind to know that they’ll be next.

In each of the young Tuttle’s stockings that Christmas Santa Claus placed a letter, recommended them heartily for buying the paint with the money from their bank, and many little girls and boys would think of many a thing, said dear old Santa Claus, and then the three of them put their heads down on their stockings and cried out, “Oh, how I wish I had a dollar!”

“Father with a coffin,” Santa Claus said, kind, but it seemed a very miserable Christmas.

Tuttle also thanked his children for painting the coffin and they cried again, “How beautiful,” said Tuttle, “such a picture!”

When they went he tried to cheer them by saying each with another dollar and a half, and he said, “I can’t do yet.”

“No, sirree, I ain’t dead yet.”

The three of them were upon him, Stas kissing his cheek, kissing his rough hand and John embracing his knees. Little Andrew's arms were around his neck.

Keepin' up the expense of it was too hard on me," said Tattle, "and bein' your all so glad I reckon I'll allow that I ain't sorry, neither."

"Children is such funny things," said Mrs. Tuttle. "Laws, father, they're read to eat you up."

"Children is just as well," said Tuttle with good-humored laugh, "since I ain't got no coffin—"

LOUISE R. BAKER.

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WHEN THE CENTURY ENDS.

Controversies as to the Date of the Twentieth Century.

From the New York Herald.

Does the twentieth century begin on January 1, 1900, or on January 1, 1901? This question agitated a great many people some time ago, and it seems to be agitating some now.

And, as is the case with every question, each advocates on each side. Those who hold that the twentieth century will dawn on January 1, 1900,

petal was filled with a dead fly. Then explained to the clerk that this plant was a fly-eater. It killed and absorbed the fly. "I am a fly-eater," said the class. "I said," she dug this from a swamp near Perth Amboy. She loaned it to me to take to school." A fellow clerk from Savannah took a look at it and said: "When I come back from lunch I will tell you the name of this class." He brought in a small bottle of spirits of camphor and put one drop on each of the petals. "I will tell you the name of this class," the petals looked tickled as the class said. He said, "that plant will have a fit of indigestion for that three days and then they will say it is a fly-eater." "That is true," they are common enough in the south."

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A Fragrant Bath.

From *Invention*.

We always have known that Parisian ladies know a trick or two not generally known by the world at large for preserving their youth and brightness. We have it in the authority of a contemporary that the toilet water of a Parisian lady is sweeter and softer, it, as it is cheaper than borax or toilet vinegar and more trustworthy than